

A Visit to William Henry Bishop's House.

AN ATHLETIC ROMANCE AND HIS WORKS. HIS HOME MOON AND HOME-QUEEN. SHEBA AND HER HEALING. A NOVEL. BY WILLIAM HENRY BISHOP.

Continued from the San Francisco Post.

Of the three American realistic novelists, among whom he ranks, Mr. William Henry Bishop, by reason of his being the first to celebrate in prose, as Bret Harte has done in verse, the peculiarities of our Mongolian brother, as well as by his description of the Pacific slope in his work on Mexico, is more favorably known to Occidental readers than either Mr. Howells or Mr. James. For that reason readers of the Post may like to learn something concerning the personality, the literary habits and the domestic life of the author of "Choy Susan, and Other Tales."

Mr. Bishop is in the prime of middle age, above the average height, muscular and athletic, and with the exception of Mr. Julian Hawthorne, the best pedestrian and long distance swimmer in the fraternity of letters. His eyes, of a grayish blue, deep sunk beneath granitic brows, relieve by gleams of kindness and humor a countenance of somewhat Roman austerity of type, of which massiveness rather than sensibility is the striking trait. Until his marriage, a year ago, Mr. Bishop was something of a pet, as well as a notability in fashionable New York society, whose foibles he has not unkindly portrayed in "The House of a Merchant Prince." His earliest story, "Detmold," and his latest, "A Golden Justice," abound in portraits taken from the social and political life of Milwaukee, where he was for a number of years associated in a daily newspaper enterprise with one of the present staff of the New York Herald.

The indomitable character of Mr. Bishop is shown by the fact that he was almost the only member of his guild to maintain himself for a number of years entirely by the higher order of literary work, without dependence on journalism, or any kindred avocation, for a "grub stake." At present Mr. Bishop, who has been the most prominently named for the still empty chair of English literature at Yale, his alma mater, is conductor of the high class in the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, a position held by President Barnard of Columbia for a number of years, when the institution occupied the present site of the university. "Jerry and Clarinda," a story from the pen of Mr. Bishop in the May number of Harper's Magazine, gives an amusing exhibition of the dialects, idioms and mental processes and limitations of a poor girl.

Miss Mary Dearborn Jackson (better known to her intimates by the quaintly pretty name of "Sheba"), the daughter of Dr. George F. Jackson, the oldest practitioner of Washington heights, family physician of the elder James Gordon Bennett, and a graduate of Bowdoin College of some thirty years' standing. The honeymoon of this pair of romancers was passed in "Canevas Palace," a luxuriously appointed tent on the bluffs of the Atlantic highlands, while their society friends were imagining them wandering through the Hall of the Abencerrages, and the Court of Lyons, in the Spanish ruins of the Alhambra. So successful was this experiment that it was repeated during the last summer, until they went to housekeeping in good earnest, in a cozy, modest flat on the highest point of Manhattan island, overlooking the valley of the Harlem river and Long Island sound on the one side, and the noble expanse of the Hudson and the famous Palisades on the other. Their windows also open on picturesque views of the aristocratic cemetery of Trinity church, which is inclosed by the most stately and ponderous specimen of mural architecture in this country, excepting possibly that surrounding the Mark Hopkins mansion in San Francisco. It was here that these determined fugitives from public observation were discovered and captured by your no less determined correspondent.

Imagine, if you please, and can, a series of apartments constituting about the length and narrowness of a not too ultra-fashionable steam yacht, or better yet, of a presidential Pullman car. Each of these, warmed to the eye by rich Oriental rugs and other fabrics, or cooled by aerial, gauzy and silvery hangings, is a gem in itself, harmoniously related to all the rest. Among the details I inventoried a warm-hearted fireplace, a pair of couches from the old Knapp mansion, which is still grimly sentineling the Hudson on a granite pinnacle hard by, a Chipendale case that was the masterpiece of a cabinetmaker who subsequently became one of the commercial and journalistic magnates of the metropolis, and next to it a primitive table at which our author hammers out his plots and finishes off his characters hot from the forge of his fancy. Over this hangs a portrait of Mr. Howells, and near it a picture of a storm at sea and hard by a Mexican machete, the agricultural implement of all Spanish-American countries, that suggests the line from Thackeray's "Cane Bottomed Chair." "Tis a murderous thing to toast uplins upon!" Throughout the rooms bits of royal Worcester ware and Cyprian and Arizona antiquities and souvenirs of Castilian days generously fraternize with coarse Flemish jugs that are savory of college freshmen days. The staple chair of the establishment is the commonest deal kitchen chair, transformed by the knife and brush of the proprietor into a thing of beauty and a joy until you are tempted to commit yourself to the more inviting easy chairs or the hospitably swinging hammock.

Mr. Bishop, as his and the Post's readers know, is an artist as well as author, and, like Thackeray, occasionally illuminates his own books. He is also by profession an architect, having studied and practised with Meade, Sturge, P. B. Wight and Mullett, the author of various government architectural wonders under a former administration. The traces of this side of his training are seen in the predominance of architectural bits among the subjects on his walls, the most notable being a large photograph of the facade of San Xavier del Bac, an old Spanish

church in Arizona, taken, as its owner was careful to inform me, by Watkins. Among the many choice etchings which adorn this harmonious little temple of the Muses and Graces are autographs by F. S. Church, Henry Farrer, and the original of Kelly's "Postboy," one of the most striking pictures in the pre-historic Scribner's Magazine. Although Mr. Bishop, like Mr. John Habberton, Mr. George Inness, Jr., and several thousand more otherwise reputable citizens, has fallen into the fall of amateur photography he has exhibited the unexampled self-restraint of not systematically thrusting the results of his experiments upon the attention of his friends. The one right exception is where he gives a picture of his queenly and beautiful young wife, after the pose of David's famous Salon portrait of Madame Recamier, a glimpse of which by a happy juxtaposition appears in the background of this unique composition.

Long before I had completed this little inventory I was summoned "aft" by my gracious "Queen Sheba" to partake of "one little dinner," all the product of her own hands. On the way I espied a gilded hickory nut hanging from a soft wool thread, which the young housekeeper merrily informed me she kept "to study the cook books by." I must refer you for further information about "One Little Dinner" to Mr. Bishop's story by that name in the forthcoming number of the Century Magazine.

PALMETTO.

Prince Bismarck's Courtesy.

A widow from Berge-dorf, a station on the railway from Hamburg to Friedrichsruhe, wanted to see Prince Bismarck. Arriving at the castle she was told the prince had gone into the forest. There she went and walked about until the sun had gone low down in the sky, but she disappointed she intended to go back to the station, when she perceived that she had lost her way. Seeing a carriage in the distance she called aloud till the occupant of the vehicle heard her, and ordered the coachman to turn the horses' heads her way. "She said she was lost in the wood and wanted to go to the station. The man in the carriage opened the door and asked her to take a seat by his side and wrapped a soft shawl about her. The talkative woman soon came out with a tale of the object of her visit to Friedrichsruhe, and her great disappointment at having spent the money for her ticket on the railroad for nothing. "Well, my good woman, look at me—I am the prince," said her companion. "For the sake of the woman, jumping up in great excitement, then I must get over and sit with the coachman." But the prince would not let her, wrapped her up again and set her down at the station. —Chicago News.

Bottles Which Spoil Wine. has made a discovery, French chemist, comforting to wine merchants all over the world. When you buy choice wine at an alarming number of shillings per dozen, and afterwards find that you have got a sour highly branded concoction it does not at all follow, it seems, that the wine merchant is dishonest. It is all the fault of Mr. Poligot, are well made and worthy of receiving good wine; but France is inundated with bottles of foreign manufacture, whose name is abominable. In the good old days, when soda and potash formed the basis of bottle glass, wine improved by keeping; but now that glass, like everything else, is adulterated, the best vintages are largely to be spoiled. Materials that are largely ferruginous or constantly employed in the manufacture of glass for bottles; and upon these constituents the acids in the wine not only powerfully, with the result that the liquid becomes impregnated with a solution of magnesia or what not. —New York Sun.

Municipal Theatres. Mr. Henry Irving is in favor of municipal theatres. He declares it to be his belief that a well conducted theatre is as necessary as a free library; that if the question were put to vote the majority of the ratepayers in large towns would support such a theatre; and that whereas a free library is a charge to the ratepayers, because it is free, a theatre would not be free, but, if properly managed, would be a paying speculation. —Chicago Tribune.

The Camels of Texas. In 1852 the United States government sent a small herd of camels into Texas with the idea of using them and their get to cross the so-called Great American Desert. The camels prospered and multiplied; but when the war came they were scattered through the state and in Arizona, and many of them became wild. Billings had solved the Great American Desert problem, and the camels have fallen into innocuous desuetude. —New York Sun.

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ORIGINALITY OF THE ENGLISH.

A Race Which Produces Men of Marked Independence and Executive Ability.

The English race is marked by the power of producing independent and executive characters in every plane of mental activity. There is no lack of great mathematicians, great philosophers, great poets, great naturalists, great generals, who are distinctly great Englishmen. But the nation possesses, in addition, the unique power of producing men who are to a great extent detached from social surroundings; who are not the product of the race nor of the day, or any theory of heredity, or transmission, or environment that is in accordance with the usual color of national or social phenomena. The average level of the English race is commonplace, unidealistic, reverent of the past, unoriginal. They are slow to receive abstractions, to transmute new general conceptions into rules of conduct—certainly more so than the French, possibly more so than the Germans; but in the power of producing from time to time eccentric, unclassified individuals of marked originality and independence they are distinguished from any of the other nations which constitute what is called European civilization.

A great German philosopher, he is in possession of a German genius. He is a Goethe or a Schopenhauer or a Heine. The only unconventional great German man of letters that I can recall at present is Heine, and Heine is not a German, but a Jew of genius trying to be a Greek. The great Frenchmen are also great in the narrow limitations of French greatness. Powerful and original as is the genius of Victor Hugo, it cannot unmoor him from his anchorage in Parisian thought. But are there any manifestations of race development on the continent that are parallel to the westward spiritual force which produced in England men of the type of Marlowe and Coleridge and Shelley? Burns and Milton and Driven and Cowper are legitimate race developments; but from what obscure regions, from what hidden fountains of Norse or Celtic or Teutonic ancestry were drawn the germs around which were built such minds as those of Shelley and Coleridge, minds not only un-English, but in a certain sense unearthly? They are flowers; but not like the blossoms of the century plant, for whose color and bloom the juices have been slowly segregated by natural laws—whose formative cell could be dispersed by the botanist's microscope long before it was unfolded in the crowning bud. They are rather the buds of the great calli, sports—abnormal developments from a seed, warning us that nature holds in restraint creative powers for which evolution cannot account.

The explanation of this power of the English people may lie deep in the inscrutable laws which govern the result of race fusion. The islands, occupied originally by British Celts, have been invaded by Angles, Danes and Norman Franks in succession. All of these were races of marked individuality of individual force and contrasted features. Perhaps we can say broadly that the Celts were, as a race, imaginative, expressive, fond of color; the Angles—the prevailing element—phlegmatic, substantial, slow but holding firmly to the Teutonic element of freedom for the landholder, and tenacious of individual right; the Danes, self-reliant, enterprising, capable of high enthusiasm—sons of the sea; the Norman-Franks, administrators, men of affairs and crafty; men of the world at home in the world.

Love of Brothers and Sisters. A girl is generally very unselfish to a brother. You don't often hear of a young fellow giving up his pocket money to his sister; he usually grows if she wants him to take her to the theatre. But if a boy's in a little trouble his sister will stand by him like a brick. She'll not only give up her pocket money, but she'll go and scheme some more out of her father's pocket to give to him. She'll beg, she'll beg, she'll beg. He'll hang about outside until she gets it and comes and gives it to him. Then he will grab his hat and bolt out of the house. And she does not mind if he does, she'll thank her particularly. He's her brother, and she's a woman always looks at a kindness done to a man as its own reward. A boy can generally wheedle money out of his mother. But if she can't give it to him out of the household cash or her own pocket—she has a tendency to spoil all by telling his father what she wants the money for. A girl cannot succeed with her mother very often, but she does not often fail with the old man. And she's always more ingenious in her ways of getting it for it. A girl, with all the more limited acknowledged needs of womanhood for money, will find at any time a more reasonable excuse for requiring it than a man with immemorial natural wants. God bless the sisters, anyway. Any one of them is worth a whole family of brothers. —San Francisco Chronicle.

Thad. Stevens' Kindness to a Widow. Mr. McPherson relates an incident illustrative of Stevens' kindness and consideration. A friend of his dying, left a widow in destitute circumstances. Stevens bought the property at sheriff's sale and continued the widow in possession. To keep off grasping creditors he had himself appointed trustee for the old lady, and on the back of the deed he attested the fact that he was her trustee to the full value of the property. There is, however, not a scrap of paper throwing light on this transaction, unless it may be a letter from Stevens, which descendants of the old lady, who is long since dead, allege they have, but which Mr. McPherson thus far has vainly tried to see. The property is worth from \$800 to \$1,000, and is the veritable stone house in which Gen. Lee had his headquarters when the battle of Gettysburg was fought. —Lancaster Inquirer.

Wonderful Advantages of California. California, with its 160,000 square miles of territory, its 800 miles of sea coast, its grand Yosemite valley, its stupendous water falls, its grand trees, its towering mountains, presents within the limits of a single state all the climates known to the universe all the differences of surface, from snow clad peaks to valleys which lie hundreds of feet below the sea level, all the fruits between the equator and the pole, all the minerals known to geology. —Chicago Herald.

New Method of Drying Fruit. A blacksmith at Hayward, Cal., has proved by experiment that cool air is just as effective as heat in drying fruit. Directly lack of the room occupied by the forge is another apartment, which is used for drying fruit. The cold blast comes from the blower that supplies the fuel used in the blacksmith's furnace. The fruit is placed on trays inside of an inclosed frame, and the cold air blast is then turned on. The action of the air is soon noticed, and the fruit is found to be completely dried. Samples of prunes, apricots and apples are shown which were dried two years ago by this process, and which are still in a perfect state of preservation. —Chicago Times.

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